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THE FAR EAST

St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society

Children
of China



September
1944

SEP 1944

Going My Way?



You
Can!

There's an opening for you beside him.

Father Thomas Ellis, St. Columban's Missions,
Nancheng, China

FROM ACTUAL LETTERS written by Bishop Patrick Cleary and his missionaries of St. Columban in war-time Nancheng.

tailor, Chang Tsai-seng, had come out of the house where his family was starving, hoping to meet someone who would help him. Father Ellis gave rice to the family, who were all weak with hunger

during the past year a total of 1,003 baptisms, 117,876 Holy Communions and 27,150 cases treated in the

scattered. The Apostolic Delegate wrote to Bishop Cleary here: "If at all possible, keep your seminary open. There lies the hope of new life. Everything is saved if you save the seminary."

ahead. I met a little girl crying her eyes out along a country road. She had come about a hundred miles, had got separated from her people and

Your Chance

→ **YOU CAN** give ten dollars to save a Chinese family.

→ **YOU HELP** to maintain a native catechist-teacher for a month, by giving fifteen dollars.

→ **YOUR GIFT** of ten dollars a month, to support a Chinese seminarian, helps this vital seminary work.

→ **YOU SAVE** Chinese children through our relief work. Can you spare five dollars for it?

Your donation will be forwarded to Bishop Cleary for the work of St. Columban's missions in Nancheng.

Address: Bishop Cleary
c/o Rev. Paul Waldron
St. Columbans, Nebr.

The Scratch Pad

Dear Reader

NOW A TOWN called Bhamo in Upper Burma is inching its way up to the headlines. Another town, Myitkyina, has been in them for months.

Let's look back. Here's page 5 of THE FAR EAST for July, 1936. We were writing about a new mission for which eight priests of St. Columban's were departing.

"The area proposed . . . includes the districts of Bhamo and Myitkyina." We went on to quote Archbishop de Guebriant on Bhamo: "Have we not here a real strategic point for the missionary?"

Many a radio news reporter, during the past few months, would have clutched eagerly at a little tidbit we gave our readers way back in 1940. Myitkyina, we remarked casually, means *By the Big River*. "It is an important town," we added. Apparently we can say that again.

You may wish to have these facts in your stock of ammunition, the next time somebody talks patronizingly about Catholic mission magazines.

REPATRIATED in 1942, after imprisonment and internment in Korea, Father Thomas P. Kane has fond as well as interesting memories of his days in that Land of the Morning Calm. His heart is there still, with his people and with his Irish comrades of St. Columban's Society who were allowed to remain.

The article, **I Met a Miracle** (February, 1944, FAR EAST), giving an account of the miraculous cure at Lourdes of John Traynor, was published in booklet form, at the request of readers. The first printing has been exhausted and a second is in preparation. Meanwhile a request has come from the Catholic Truth Society of Liverpool, England—where John Traynor lived—for permission to reprint the narrative. Down in Buenos Aires the *Southern Cross*, organ of the Irish-Argentines, has been reprinting it in serial form. The booklet, generously illustrated, costs 10c a copy but it is the kind that people like to buy in quantity. 25 copies cost \$2.25; 50, \$4.00, 100, \$7.00. Order from THE FAR EAST, St. Columbans, Nebr. It is a great



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Cover photo by Thomas Kwang—Guillumette

story of Our Lady's power and kindness; we are not the least bit shy about trying to spread it.

Now helping to conduct Bishop Cleary's seminary for Chinese boys who aspire to the priesthood,

Father Thomas Foy writes from Nancheng city. Not long ago he told us how he grew tomatoes to help the seminary. This month he tells how he happened to find himself in the editorial chair of the *Nancheng News Bulletin*.



Though the priests and Sisters in Nancheng fill many a page of THE FAR EAST, they have not seen a copy of it since 1941. Reason: airmail (the only mail now reaching that section of unoccupied China) costs 70c a half-ounce. Sometimes we enclose a page or two from a recent issue, when writing. When a complete issue of THE FAR EAST arrives in Nancheng again, the *Nancheng News Bulletin* will put an Extra on the street.

We join a multitude in expressing regret at the death of Monsignor George Barry O'Toole, whose name and good works are familiar to every friend of the China missions. One of the founders of the Catholic University of Pekin, Monsignor O'Toole gave himself unreservedly to that great enterprise. May he rest in peace.

The Editor



What a Man Is Worth

By the REV. JOHN HENAGHAN,
Missionary of St. Columban, Manila, P. I.

THE EARTH-SHATTERING TRUTH is not that God became a man and that we can read God's love in the face of Christ but that God became kin to us, that Jesus Christ is our brother in the flesh, that He is the head and we are the members forming one body, that we form one Christ.

HERE IS THE TIDINGS of great joy for the sons of men. As the vine and the branches are one, so are we one with Him, part of Him, the one life and sap flowing through us and Him. Here and now we have amongst us "a Man who is God." In His person all mankind is knit together and bound through Him to God Himself. This is the wonderful doctrine that there still abides the living Christ, through Whom we go to the Father, through Whom we are infinitely blessed.

THEREFORE THERE IS NO ROOM now in the Christian soul for that heavy despair and weariness and fret that the pagan poet felt amidst the leaves; but for us there is joy and contentment. Life is lit up with hope; there is a brave acceptance of suffering and the surety of a safe passage at the end. He lives, He works and even as in the days of His earthly life "when with strong cry and tears" He pleaded for us, so now He prays for us at the right hand of God in heaven.

"There is a man who is God." "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us!"—only the consecrated silence of the soul can greet this message. We are to live in Him and to ask for blessings through His name.

THE FIRST RESULT of this doctrine is that we do not fix our gaze on our own sins and failings, that we do not live in terror of the past that rises like a ghost to accuse us, that we are not dominated by the weakness of the present, but that we look ahead with open eyes of faith and see "only Jesus." He is enough, for our life is in Him. Here is born the high courage and confidence of Christian souls.

BECause CHRIST WAS SO REAL to the early Christians, their lives were full of joy in Him, for joy, trust, thanksgiving are the notes of fellowship in Christ. Through Him are all His followers filled with the same life, partaking also of the one Bread that feeds and supports them. From this wonderful truth we can see what a man is worth, and the change that Our Lord wrought upon the world. It is not the earthly rulers, the powerful, the learned, the rich, the strong who wield influence in the kingdom that He set up, but rather the meek, the humble, the pure of heart, those that show mercy, those that suffer for justice sake.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that types of the religion He founded included a prodigal, a Magdalen, a poor sinner at prayer, a thief upon the cross. Our Lord opened new horizons and revealed the destiny that awaits each human soul. "We are now the sons of God but know not what we shall be." So great is man that God became a man for love of him. St. Thomas, pondering on the nature of God's goodness, gave reasons why Our Lord endured the extreme horrors of His passion when less would have done, when a sigh, a prayer of His could have redeemed the world.

THE PASSION was the best way of showing that God loves us. It expressed the desire of God to take on not only our nature but also all its sorrows. The Passion would draw all men to God, He used His sufferings as a lure. It revealed the dignity of man. The mind is unable to grasp the significance of these things and in trying to understand them, flounders beyond its depth. It will be our occupation in heaven to see the ever-expanding beauty and greatness of these truths.

THE WORLD and its grandeur passes away, and the soul, blinded by the light of the Incarnation, gets only a glimpse of the unspeakable beauty of God. Man is no longer at the mercy of a cruel fate, nor is he the plaything of powers that forget him. A single sparrow falls not to the ground without our Father's will. If evils come, they also come with His blessings and His help, and the end of all striving will be the Father's benediction upon the heart that trusted Him.

His Cross sheds its grace and light upon the sick and dying of the world, and for every Calvary there is a resurrection. No soul is outside the influence of His gracious Providence. We do not trust enough; we do not stress enough, when on our knees in prayer, this glorious truth, that we have a Brother Who is God, a Friend Who is God and the Head of all mankind. Through Christ comes all goodness.

FOR FULL UNION with Him we must make an absolute surrender of our will and then when we have made this holocaust, we do not stand alone or face God in isolation, for we have claims upon Him now through Jesus Christ Our Lord. No Christian ever lives or suffers or dies or prays alone; everything is done in full company with Christ and in the Communion of Saints. All that Our Lord ever did is ours; all that He suffered, all that He merited belongs to us. From the first cry of the Infant in the straw at Bethlehem down to the last cry upon the cross, His weariness, His yearning love, His patience, His submissions are all ours.

LOURDES . . . DURING THE BLESSING OF THE SICK

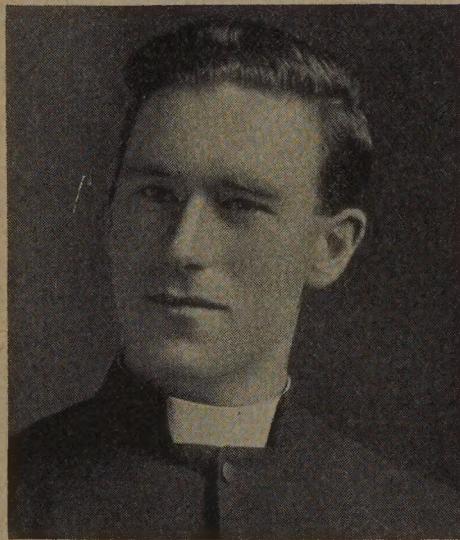


LORD, WE BELIEVE, but increase our faith.
Thou art the resurrection and the life.
Save us, Jesus, we perish.
Jesus, Son of Mary, have pity on us.
Heart of Jesus, hear us.

—Invocations during the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Lourdes.

MISSIONARY CHAPLAIN WRITES GOOD NEWS

A letter from Father Edward McManus, who is back in China after a trip to India where he underwent an operation, informs us that he is now a chaplain to the United States forces. He writes: "Since returning, I have become an auxiliary chaplain. It does not interfere with my missionary work here, as I am able to do both jobs and not seem rushed. Some time ago, we had a general Communion of the men for Mother's Day. They turned out in all their force. The soldiers decorated the altar and did an exceedingly fine job. Every Sunday



Father Denis MacAlindon
started a school in Northern Burma

the soldiers take up a collection for the missions, which has amounted to about a couple of hundred thousand dollars — Chinese money — in the last few months. A Holy Name Society has been started, and if all keep their promises, there won't be many who will not be members."

Speaking of his visit to India, Father McManus says: "I enjoyed my stay in Calcutta. It is wonderful to see so many churches crowded every Sunday, mostly by Anglo-Indians. Quite a large proportion receive Holy Communion. They certainly have the faith. The priests there, who are mostly Belgian and Maltese, take good care of them. There are a good number of Chinese there, and, from what I heard, they are among the best Catholics in the parish."

"In Burma, Father Stuart is making quite a name for himself. Both in China and in India, I have heard

Missionaries Meet on Steps of St. Peter's

Last Saw Each Other in China

Priest Learns New Dialects

Twenty-five years ago Father Patrick O'Connell began to learn Chinese in Ireland. He studied Mandarin, the standard form. This, with slight local variations, was what he used later in St. Columban's missions, Hanyang, where he went in 1924. In 1938, aiding war refugees in Kiangsi, he learned a new dialect. Now in St. Columban's, Shanghai, he preaches every Sunday in the Shanghai dialect.

Anniversary Recalls

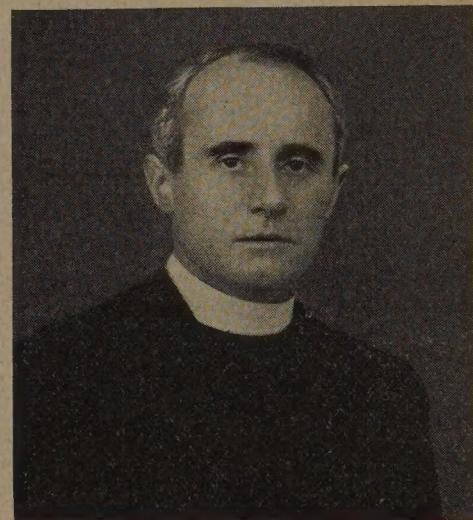
Fr. Tierney's Sacrifice

In the midst of the death and destruction caused by the present war, the missionaries are not forgetting those who have labored and died in the missions before them. From Father Thomas Foy, professor at the seminary in Nancheng, Free China, comes word that on the anniversary of the death of Father Cornelius Tierney, the usual solemn Requiem Mass was offered for all the St. Columban missionaries who have died in the Nancheng Vicariate. Father Tierney died on February 28, 1931, a captive of communist bandits.

the greatest praise of him. Father MacAlindon has started a school in Northern Burma. Our district in Burma may soon be clear. Until our priests are released from their internment, the trouble then will be to find enough men to care for the people."

Father McManus says that St. Columban's was represented at the installation of the new Vicar Apostolic of Kunming, Bishop Alexander Derouineau of the Paris Foreign Missions. The new bishop has already ordained four Chinese deacons to the priesthood.

The steps of St. Peter's in Rome are hardly a spot where two people would unexpectedly meet—especially when the last time they saw each other was deep in the mission territory of China. Likely spot or not, that is where St. Columban's Father James Vallely, chaplain with the Canadian Army, ran into Father Jeremiah Dennehy, also of St. Co-



Father James Vallely
met fellow-missionary on steps of
St. Peter's

lumban's and a chaplain with the Allied Armies.

The two priests had not met since the Sino-Japanese war came in 1937 to hinder travel between their respective missions. After ten years' service, both were temporarily absent from China on December 7, 1941.

Cycles and Walks To Confirm Flock

During war-time a bishop, particularly a missionary bishop, must accommodate himself to circumstances. That is what Bishop Patrick Cleary, St. Columban's Vicar Apostolic of Nancheng in Free China, is doing. A few months ago, the bishop had to make a confirmation tour of his vicariate. Part of the trip could be made by bicycle, but the rest of it had to be done on foot. The missions in his territory are ten to twenty miles apart.

A Padre in Green Hell

Missionary . . . Protector
Jungle Chaplain

FATHER JAMES STUART, missionary of St. Columban in Burma, breaks into the news again.

This time it is an American sergeant, writing from India, who pays a glowing tribute to the young priest and his missionary work. The sergeant, attached to a medical unit, writes:

"The first time we met Father Stuart, he traveled three miles through the jungle at night to our camp so we could go to confession. Many of us received Holy Communion for the first time in months. Everyone liked Father Stuart; he really made a hit with all of us."

EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE

Another letter, this time from a U. S. Army chaplain, says that Father Stuart was the American soldiers' first confessor in North-western Burma. The letter, which brought news of the fatal illness of Father Thomas Barrett, chaplain from the diocese of Des Moines, told how he and Father Stuart had attended to the spiritual needs of the Americans in wild and desolate territory.

"These two men have registered a very favorable record of exceptional service," says the writer of the letter. (Father Barrett died, a martyr of charity, on June 4.)

Father Stuart has been in Northern Burma for almost eight years. When in May, 1942, the Japanese completed their conquest of Burma, they found him and Father MacAlindon, as they found all of St. Columban's priests, at their posts. The mission where these two priests were stationed is Kaji-htu, the farthest north, the most remote in the Bhamo territory. It is 165 miles beyond Myitkyina, which up to 1939 had been the mission farthest north.

This section of Burma has been called "Green Hell" by the American soldiers, because of its dense jungles, heat and innumerable hardships for the white man.

Before the fall of Burma, at the earnest request of the government, Father Stuart had taken on the burden of protecting a group of fifty Anglo-Indian girl refugees who had been evacuated from Rangoon.

*Ordained at Christmas, 1935,
Father Stuart left Ireland eight
years ago for Burma.*



Father James Stuart
of Burma
Missionary of
St. Columban

By the REV. THOMAS L. MURPHY
Missionary of St. Columban

Responding to a similar request, Father MacAlindon had gone to take over a camp of Burmese refugees north of the mission. These two Irish priests were the only missionaries of any denomination and the only white men in the region.

CAPTURE

Advancing fast, the Japanese captured the village of Kaji-htu. They did not ill-treat the inhabitants but they proposed to send Father Stuart under guard back to Rangoon. The people, however, Kachins and natives of that region, protested vigorously. After less than three years, they had come to regard the priests as their spiritual fathers and, in many instances, temporal protectors.

The surprised Japanese allowed the missionary to stay but kept him under close observation, placing an officer with him in his tiny house. On two occasions this Japanese officer packed up and left, telling the priest that he had been ordered away and would not be back for some days. Each time he returned within a few hours, to find that Father Stuart was at his usual work and had made no attempt to escape. After that no restrictions were placed on the priest's movements and his prestige was noticeably enhanced. He was able to ensure the complete safety of the girl refugees and to move around the district, helping his flock.

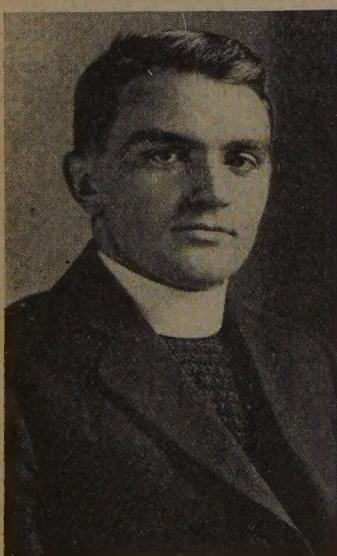
When the Japanese forces withdrew from this district early in 1943, they left Father Stuart behind. A little later, he decided to lead his Kachin people and the refugees farther north. With utter confidence in him, the natives began the long trek. His knowledge of the different dialects was invaluable and, proving himself a Good Samaritan all along the way, he led his people to safety.

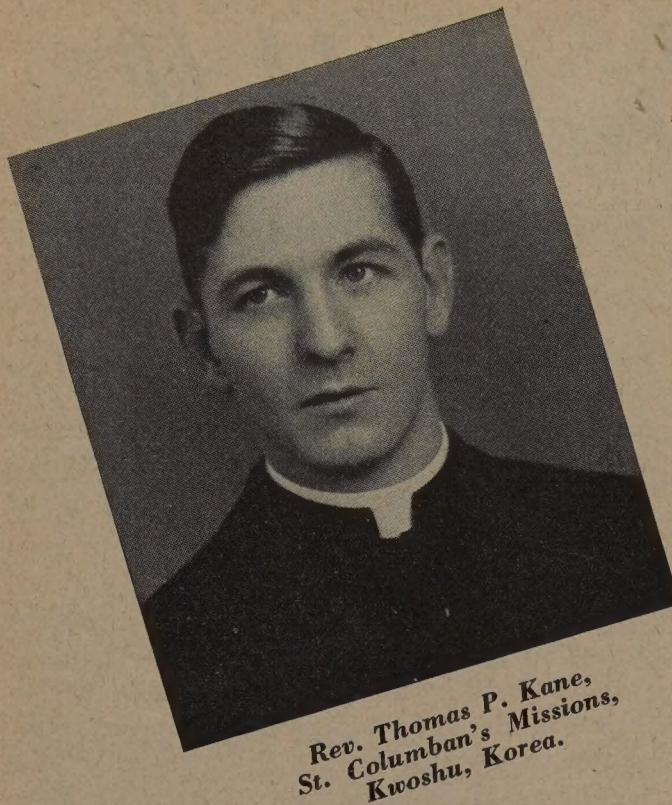
Now he joined Father MacAlindon, who had been conducting the camp for destitute refugees some distance away. These were of various tribes, and if Father MacAlindon had not known the dialects, the camp could hardly have been organized at all. He had become the symbol of hope for all the tribes of the neighborhood, for whom he was missionary, doctor, interpreter, pacifier and food distributor. Like Father Stuart, he had won the hearts of the natives.

"WE WANT NO OTHERS"

In dire need of clothes and equipment the two priests journeyed to India. On their return, the Kachins greeted them with this declaration: "We want no other missionaries than those of your Church. We believe in you, and your religion must be true!"

When the Americans entered Burma early this year, Father Stuart and Father MacAlindon were still there.





Rev. Thomas P. Kane,
St. Columban's Missions,
Kwoshu, Korea.

SHADOWED *in KOREA*

By the REV. THOMAS P. KANE
Missionary of St. Columban

Watcher and Watched More Friends Than Foes

IT SEEMS FUNNY NOW, looking back several years and across thousands of miles of ocean, but it wasn't a bit funny at the time.

I first saw Mr. Haiyashi just four months before Pearl Harbor. I had been in my little church in Keiryang in the southern part of Korea, praying for help and direction to carry out the job assigned to me—the conversion of 30,000 pagans who weren't too enthusiastic about being converted.

As the door of the little church squeaked shut behind me, I pulled out my handkerchief and rubbed the perspiration from my forehead. It was hot, very hot—a Korean summer in full swing. Looking down the sun-baked path that wound into the village, I saw something most unusual. A man, obviously Korean, but dressed in western style—straw hat, grey suit, yellow tie and tan shoes—was riding into the village on a bicycle. It was only a brief glance, but I knew, as if by instinct, who he was; such an individual could be only one thing—a Japanese agent.

OBSERVER

Fascinated, I watched him approach, feeling certain that he was looking for me. He rode up in front of the church, stopped the bicycle and got off. At close range I saw that he was short and pudgy, his head clean-shaven, following the lead of Japanese officialdom; and he was sweating, even more profusely than I. He walked up to me, removed his hat, pulled a handkerchief from his breast pocket and mopped his shaven head.

"You are Father Kane, the American?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I am Mr. Haiyashi of the Japanese Thought Control Department. I must tell you that I am here to observe you. You will not leave the village. All your activities will be reported to Headquarters. You will kindly show me to my room."

Just like that! Short, sweet and to the point. Here, I said to myself, is a man who knows his business. There was nothing to do but comply with his wishes. I gave

him a room with the teachers. Being a conscientious man, he immediately set about his business of watching me, and I do mean watching. He invited himself into my house at all hours of the day and night, sat across from me when I was eating dinner and wandered around my rooms. There were times when I thought that he had fallen asleep at the switch, but as I glanced out the window, I saw his round, solemn face sitting on the window sill, for all the world like a Hallowe'en pumpkin.

I learned that my friend's Korean name was Kim Soun Sa, but this he had dropped for the official name of Mr. Haiyashi. This gave him more "face" in his capacity as a Japanese agent.

KEEP OUT!

My Sunday sermon had to be submitted to him for examination. On Saturday night, we almost came to blows when he wanted to come into the confessional with me and listen to the confessions of my parishioners. I told him quite candidly that such a thing was impossible.

"What do they tell you?" he asked suspiciously.

"There are Ten Commandments of God and Six Commandments of the Church," I explained. "If my people break any of these Commandments, they tell it to me in confession."

"But why can't I listen?" he argued.

"Simply because you can't," I almost shouted at him, as I went into the church.

The pay-off came on Sunday morning. I had my Masses in Keiryang at six and eight with Benediction and catechism class at ten o'clock. Mr. Haiyashi was up bright and early and attended the first Mass. He took copious notes on everything that happened. I preached on the Mercy of God and there were some words with which he was not familiar. He lolled around the church between Masses and at the eight was back in his place with fountain pen and pad poised for action!

As the time for Benediction approached, I could see that he was beginning to get tired. During Benediction, he got up, strolled toward the back of the church and stood there fanning himself dejectedly with his straw hat. He was there when the last of my parishioners left. I couldn't help but admire the man; he knew his duty and did it.

THE FOLLOWING WEEK was a trying one. Like all Koreans, Mr. Haiyashi loved to talk and thought that I should spend my whole day listening to him. He was chatting away very affably one afternoon, with my school teachers and myself for an audience. There were a number of important things that I felt I should take care of and I wished to put an end to this incessant monologue. I stood up and said very pointedly:

"Mr. Haiyashi, perhaps you would like to see what the weather is like outside."

It would be rude in any country, but in the Orient where so much importance is placed on "face," it was an egregious breach of etiquette. My teachers stared at me in amazement; Mr. Haiyashi's face became crimson, he got up and walked stiffly out the door.

New to Oriental ways and customs, I didn't realize at first how deeply I had hurt the man's feelings, but then, swallowing my pride, I went to the door, called him and in the presence of my teachers, apologized. He looked at me; a slow smile rippled across his countenance and at that moment began one of the strangest friendships I have ever known.

Very much out of his element in our neck of the woods, Mr. Haiyashi was lonely and came to me for companionship. The two of us would sit on the front steps of my house by the hour and discuss everything from cabbages to kings.

"What part of America do you come from, Father?" he asked one day.

A wistful look came into my eyes as I answered, laconically:

"Chicago, north-side."

"Chicago?" he repeated, wishing to be helpful. "Why, I know all about it. It is famous for its spacious stock-yards, is it not so?"

Still in Korean Missions

Twenty-four priests of St. Columban's Society are still in Korea, in the Prefecture of Kwoshu and in the Prefecture of Shunsen. Because of their Irish nationality, they have been permitted to remain with their people.

I smiled. The adjective, I thought, was not the happiest one.

"What else do you know about America?" I asked.

"Oh, lots of things. The Empire State Building is in New York and everybody in America has a car."

This last, to one who was accustomed to see only one car in fifty villages, was most impressive.

I changed the subject.

"What do you know about Christianity, Mr. Haiyashi?"

DIFFERENCE

"Only this," he answered. "There are Protestants and Catholics. The Protestant ministers have wives and don't smoke, and the Catholic priests do not have wives and smoke like a furnace."

I laughed, as I watched him reach for another of my Japanese cigarettes. He lit it thoughtfully, blew out a cloud of smoke, flipped away the match, looked at me very intently and said:

"You know, Father, you are getting me in trouble."

It was my turn to be surprised.

"And how am I doing that?" I asked quizzically.

"Monday, you say Mass, teach the children and study. Tuesday, you say Mass, teach the children and study. Every day it is the same thing. It does not look good on my report to Headquarters. Couldn't you do something different for a change?"

I thought for a moment and then said:

"Yes, I think we can do something different. I have a mission on the other side of the mountain in back of



In modern Korea you may see the men in the traditional white, flowing robes of the country, correct morning dress, trim business suit or Japanese uniform. These men were attending a Catholic funeral in one of St. Columban's missions.



FIDES

Believe it or not, children in Korea love to come to school. To be told to stay away is enough to make them weep bitterly.

us. Suppose we visit it and then when we come back, I will show you a very interesting book."

Mr. Haiyashi was delighted and we set off up the mountain together. It was a hot day and before long we were both perspiring freely. He more than I, as he carried more weight. Furthermore, he was having trouble with his shoes.

The Koreans never enter a house without first taking off their shoes. The Korean shoe is made in such a way that a person can slip it on and off without much trouble, but Mr. Haiyashi was wearing foreign shoes. The problem of untying the laces and tying them again was too much for him; so he left them untied all the time. As he climbed up the mountain, the untied shoes kept flopping up and down and occasionally, one would slip off. His puffing increased at every step, and finally he had to admit that he was licked and begged me to return with him.

I stood there for a moment, looking back at my little village, as the sun, sinking behind the mountain, cast a shadow over the mud huts with their thatched roofs and over the puppet-like men and women working in their rice paddies. I couldn't help thinking of the shadow the approaching war—we knew it was coming—would cast not only over this village, but over the whole world. Mr. Haiyashi, with less philosophy, was already making his way down to the village. I followed him.

THE ANSWER

"And now, Father, show me that very wonderful book," he said, when we were again sitting on my front steps.

I went into the house, returned with a catechism and sat down beside him. I opened it at the first page, and there was the age-old question: "Who made the world?" My friend was all interest, and we moved quickly from page to page. At last he put his hands to his temples and said:

"Let us stop, Father. So many new thoughts have given me a headache."

In the days that followed, Mr. Haiyashi learned more catechism. As a matter of fact, he learned the whole

of it. Not only that; he learned his prayers and said them every morning with me. He helped me perfect my Korean and even previewed my sermons, suggesting better ways of putting my message across with more appropriate words. One of his children was taken ill and we prayed together for its recovery. Yes, the child got better and Mr. Haiyashi's nearness to the Church increased. But what might have happened, didn't.

PEARL HARBOR

December 8 came and Mr. Haiyashi set out for Headquarters to make a personal report. Before he left, he dropped in to see me.

"Father," he said, "will you fix my suit like you wear them in America, and will you put my hat on like you Americans do?"

"Gladly," I said, as I tried to straighten his coat, brush the wrinkles out of it and set his hat at the jauntiest angle.

"Give my regards to the boss," I shouted after him, as I waved goodbye. He hopped on his bicycle and went riding down the path.

It wasn't long before he was back. On the road he met another official who told him of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Immediately, he turned around to inform me of what had happened. He stood there before me, head down, twirling his hat nervously in his hands.

"I suppose, Father, you will have to leave for America soon," he said, with a most unofficial tear in the corner of his eye. "Someday you may come back to Korea. If you do, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?" I asked, bewildered by the news he brought.

"When you come back from America, bring me an American-made watch."

He turned around slowly, climbed on his bike and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Someday I hope to see Mr. Haiyashi again, when the sun is shining on Keiryang once more. And I'll bring him his American-made watch, and please God, something more.

Newspaper Man in Nancheng

No Metropolitan Daily Has Keener Readers

HERE IN THE CITY OF NANCHENG we have a radio, not the latest model, mind you, but a battery set good enough to pick up news broadcasts nightly. It is the only way we have of knowing what is happening across the world. The priests in the outlying mission stations are not so fortunate and, as a result, would have had no way of knowing what was going on, had not Father McManus typed out a weekly Bulletin and sent it to them.

Some time ago Father McManus was sent to Chungking on business and had to take his typewriter with him. It was the only usable one in the city. With his going the Bulletin ceased.

One night we were sitting around the radio, while it sputtered the latest news. Someone suggested that we try to revive the news Bulletin for the men in the mission stations. We decided unanimously to restore the service, but where was the necessary typewriter to come from?

Father Tom Ellis, our Mr. Fixit, went out of the room, returned with a battered lop-sided machine and held it up.

"I'm willing to fix this thing," he announced, "if someone else will learn how to work it."

I BECOME AN EDITOR

I shuffled uneasily in my chair. The prospect of learning to type didn't appeal to me in the least. But knowing that for regular publication of the Bulletin the editor should be one who was usually at home, and realizing, too, that my work as teacher in the Chinese seminary kept me in Nancheng, I recognized that willy-nilly I was the man for the job.

The next day, true to his word, Father Ellis produced the typewriter in workable condition. He put paper and sheets of carbon beneath the roller and said: "Hop to it."

I could not be more bewildered if asked to pilot a Flying Fortress. Hesitatingly I pushed a key, and to my amazement there on the paper was the neatest letter ever formed by my hand. All enthusiasm, I continued hitting away; the machine registered every letter. My confidence was established. Typing was simpler than I thought. Why, I was rapidly becoming a master of the art.

And so the first issue of the revived Bulletin came into being. It was, I am ready to admit, a specimen of unorthodoxy and bad spelling which would bring shame to a child in kindergarten, but nevertheless, there it was. I sent out the copies feeling that I had accomplished the biggest thing in my life, yet inwardly dreading what my "public" might say about it.

SCOOP!

Strange to say, it met with acclaim. The men on the missions, starved for news, were jubilant. Their thrill-

By the REV. THOMAS FOY
Missionary of St. Columban

ing response compensated for every difficulty and worry. Crowned with a halo of congratulations and thanks, I was prepared to carry on for years, alone, if necessary. Priests from neighboring districts begged that they be sent a weekly copy. It was indeed an hour of triumph.

Then the blow came! The battery, the life's blood of our radio was exhausted. A news Bulletin without a source of news just doesn't make sense; so it was with heavy heart that I informed my readers that it was only with their prayers that I could hope to continue.

Meanwhile Father Ellis, at his best in a crisis, had literally taken off his coat and begun to work on a dynamo that charged our batteries. He was successful, but only for a time. It seems that the dynamo was too badly gone to be repaired for permanent use. Then we heard that one of our priests on the missions had a small wind-mill with which he hoped to generate enough electricity for a reading lamp. After several attempts he abandoned the idea, but at our urgent request he used the wind-mill to charge our battery. And so in spite of every difficulty, the Bulletin continues.

News broadcasts from American stations are passed along to men who would otherwise have no idea of the progress of the war. We have made further advances in our journalistic endeavors and have begun to include items of personal interest in the Bulletin. The contents of a letter from home are reprinted for those who have a yen for human interest and home-town stuff. This feature, many of our readers inform me, is one of the most popular in the Bulletin.

So, in a land where history is being made, we are reporting its developments for those who are in the midst of it, but strangely uninformed about it. Our limping typewriter, our maimed dynamo, our sulking battery charger, our capricious wind-mill all blend in producing a harmonious whole.

"How's that for a headline?" . . . Father Thos. Foy and Father Mark Kelly



MISSION Accomplished!

By a

SISTER OF ST. COLUMBAN
Hanyang, China

Briefed by the Prince of Peace . . . Plotting
Their Course by Faith and Charity, They Have
Two Targets, Sin and Suffering

OUR MISSION THAT DAY was to visit a sick woman in the suburbs of Hanyang. It was raining cats and dogs, which made traveling down Main Street—O'Connell Street, some of the Irish Fathers call it—like wading in the Yangtse.

In spite of the downpour, the traffic was as heavy as usual, and the two of us had to push our way through the jostling crowds, the rickshaws and the everlasting procession of coolies swinging their heavy loads. Hanyang can boast no trolley or bus line, much less a Yellow Cab system. Everything imaginable and unimaginable is carried on a pole . . . even live pigs, which protest loudly, but in vain, against such treatment.

As we passed along, we could see in every house the New Year provisions hung up on strings, in preparation for the festivities due in a few days. The treat was usually a dried fish with here and there a piece of pork.

After a half-hour's walk, we arrived at our destination, or rather, within view of it. It was a little hut hidden among the graves and surrounded by a sea of soft, slippery mud. How to reach it without bogging down was the question. I managed to keep my footing by creeping along the tall grave mounds, but Sister had to hold on to her precious bottles of medicine and nearly slipped several times.

KEEP LAUGHING

It is a principle in China that no matter what the situation, as long as one keeps laughing, one does not lose face. And so we had to laugh for the benefit of the crowd that was watching our struggles. To tell the truth, though, it was not our face we were afraid of losing but our shoes!

Eventually, we regained dry land and our dignity. The children who were standing around the hut began to shout that the priests had come. They thought that, wearing skirts, we must be men!



Accomplishing their mission of mercy, two Sisters of St. Columban stop to ask: "Can we help you?"

As I entered the house, the first thing to catch my eye was a large picture of the Sacred Heart pinned on the wall in the most conspicuous place. Two bouquets of artificial flowers stuck in bottles were placed on a table beneath it. This was a joyful surprise, for there was only one other Catholic in the house, the husband of the sick woman. She herself had been baptized only a few days earlier when in danger of death. The older families in the house were all pagan, but they received us graciously.

A flickering candle lit up the dark room where the sick woman was lying. Although she seemed conscious, the poor soul was unable to speak. Sister did what she could to comfort her spiritually and physically and pinned a Sacred Heart badge on her blouse.

As I moved across the room to leave, something struck me on the head. I looked up to see what it was, and there hanging on a string was the New Year's dinner—a piece of pork hanging up to dry. No matter how poor they are, they always manage to have something extra for the big day.

"SUCH POVERTY!"

Before we left, Peter Shu, a neighbor, came in. He wanted medicine for his sick baby. This poor man has had a great deal of trouble. A few weeks ago his wife was so ill that she would have died, had not Mother Superior sent for the doctor. Now the children are sick and the poor man himself is wasting away with consumption. They live in such poverty! It makes one's heart bleed to think of all the money being wasted in the world, and that poverty stricken, tubercular man trying to keep a roof over his little family by making match boxes!

Peter Shu is a good Catholic and receives Holy Communion every Sunday. On Ash Wednesday he came to church although his throat was so bad that he could

hardly speak above a whisper. Nevertheless, he remained in that freezing church for three hours.

On our way home, we called on another of our patients, old Mrs. Dsung. Her daughter, a widow with two small children, had been a Protestant but was converted and now has charge of the little parish school. Her sons, Joseph and Francis, ran to meet us. Instead of greeting us in Chinese, they cried out in English: "Good morning," (it was about 4:30 p. m.) and "How are you, Sister?" Their mother laughed at our surprise and explained that Mr. Wong, who works with the priests in Suan, had been teaching them foreign words.

While Sister was looking after his grandmother, young Joseph, who is about four, dragged a low stool from under the table and insisted that I sit down. When I did so, I discovered the reason for his politeness. He wanted to reach my crucifix. He kissed it and made Francis do the same, telling him that it was Jesus.

They are dear little boys and the apple of their granny's eyes. She is very anxious to be a Catholic but finds it difficult to learn her catechism and has not yet been baptized. She told us that she loved Jesus and His holy Mother and then proceeded to say the Hail Mary for us to show how much she knew. We assured her that she would be baptized soon and left her happy.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

We arrived home muddy, but contented, for into at least a few of those homes we had the privilege of bringing the message of God's love and mercy. How happy we should be if we could bring it to all. Then in every home, as in that mud hut, the image of the Sacred Heart would have the place of honor, replacing the family idol and burning incense.

As we think of all the churches in every city, town and village at home, with the King enthroned and the little red lamp burning, we pray that before long, in this poor land, too, His Kingdom may come!

"... even live pigs, which protest loudly, but in vain, against such treatment."



FROM ALL FRONTS

New Guinea

BACKERS: You will probably be glad to know that you have a few backers here in New Guinea, and even though this isn't much of an offering, we hope it will help out.

I gave a very small offering to one of your priests who happened to say Mass in Denver, Colo., while I was going to a Navy school near there. About a month ago I set up a little mission box in our radio shack here, and the boys filled it with extra change.

-- , RM 2/C

★ ★ ★

Italy

VIGOROUS: About two years ago I read the book St. Columban and was much impressed by the story of this vigorous Irish saint.

Yours in St. Columban,

-- , Capt., M. C.

★ ★ ★

India

PLEASED: I have just received your letter of acknowledgment in receipt of \$25.00 which I had sent for Masses. I cannot tell you how pleased I was to receive the pamphlet on "Men of Burma."

T/Sgt. --

★ ★ ★

United States

GENEROUS: Enclosed please find money order for \$50.00 to be used as you think best.

M/Sgt. -- , Army Air Forces.

A girl in a clean white blouse takes these GI's

home from the South Pacific.

A GIRL

By

Mary Lanigan Healy

A GIRL WAS SINGING. There she stood on a GI truck, just as though a man had dreamed her up. Dreamed her out of all the yesterdays he had left behind; out of all the tomorrows he hoped to find. Or into a hereafter he might have to explore.

There are such things . . .

Peter Fisher had heard the song before, of course. But it had always been a part of a background before. Ta-ta, ta-ta. And a Big Name Band played. Peter danced with a girl while it played. With any girl any place. There are such things. "What things?" Peter would have asked. Or maybe just, "So what?" But not now, while an American girl stood on a GI truck a million miles from anywhere and sang of small, ordinary things. Things Peter might just possibly die to save.

There was a girl Peter had sort of made a promise to, once. But he had gotten scared and run away. Scared not of the girl but maybe scared of growing up. Of having to take on responsibility. Of thinking of some one besides Peter Fisher.

The girl on the GI truck had soft blonde hair which reached to her shoulders. She wore a little suit with a white blouse. The sort of suit a girl anyplace from anywhere might wear. A girl on a campus. A girl at a cocktail party. A girl to whom a man might want to keep promises. That is, if he had another chance.

Peter Fisher didn't mean to, but he began to pray. "Another chance, Lord. Please, another chance. Let me go back and be a man."

His prayer was interrupted when the boys began to applaud. The song was finished and the girl was smiling at all of them as they crouched on the hill in front of the truck.

If he went back, Peter Fisher knew he would find such things. If he didn't go back, he knew suddenly, there on a hill a million miles from anywhere, he would find such things anyway.

"Dear Lord, a chance somewhere to be a man. If not down here, then somewhere else. . . ."

TONY FERRINO leaned forward and listened to the girl. He listened with every inch of him, inside and out. This was a song he liked so much. This was a song to make sense.

*Night and day, you are the one,
Under the moon and under the
sun . . .*

Louisa, she was the one. Louisa, whose eyes were big and dark and could snap like twigs in a fire with happiness. Louisa, who was only so high on Tony and did not look like the mother of three large children. Louisa, who could make a house sweet and clean and beautiful. So sweet, so clean, so beautiful that no smells or sights between that house and Tony on a hill could quite kill the sweetness of it.

Night and day . . .

At night you could not see the big, round gas storehouse near where Tony lived. It was not a neighborhood such as the welfare lady told Louisa once was "underprivileged." It was not a place where there was sometimes want and sickness and unhappiness. The small house of the Ferrino's was all alone in the world at night. It was all alone, as tiny as the fist of the newest bambino; as huge as the big fat moon that sailed in the sky.

At night in the Islands, the house was again as big as a baby fist; as big as the white bomber's moon. And it was as near to Tony then as it had been at any time when he was under its roof, the roof which he himself had tarred. It was so near to Tony because he had carried it away with him in his heart.

Tony quit leaning forward to hear the girl on the GI truck sing. Instead he sat up very straight and very proud and very grand. Anthony Ferrino. American. Soldier. Gentleman—you bet! Tony Ferrino who owned his own home, and had a family and lots of friends.



Tony from the small house near where the gas tanks were, across the Macy Street bridge in the neighborhood the welfare sour-puss woman called underprivileged and made Louisa so sore. Nuts. What did she know about privileges? Tony knew.

SINGING



*There she stood — a
GI truck, just as though
a man had dreamed her up.*

All the Ferrinos knew. They had come a long way to find out.

Night and day . . .

And when the bright sunshine was on his home, it was still a place of which to be proud.

He could come down the street,

his feet going smack, smack, smack on the pavement, his kids running out to meet him, his wife standing near a stove keeping his supper hot. It was his sidewalk. He paid taxes didn't he? They were his kids. They were named Ferrino, weren't they? His wife, his food, his sun, his moon, his sky. It was his night, his day. It made sense. It was what he was here for, out on this island where death had smelled seven days after the fighting ended. That was why he sat up straight and proud in an American uniform, which had been torn and dirty and wet and ugly to the nose.

*Night and day, you are the one
Under the moon and under the
sun . . .*

The girl finished the song. Slowly the last small tone seeped into the air. And all the GI's whistled and clapped and yelled. Wonderful. Wonderful. Wonderful. A girl with soft blonde hair and a clean white blouse. A girl who came from home and could tell them all about home, in the songs they loved.

MIKE McNALLY loved a special song. But gee, there wasn't a chance that she would sing it. That is, unless he asked for it and unless she just happened to know it, which wasn't very likely—either that she'd know the song or that Mike would ask.

There were a lot of fellows asking for favorite songs. What had Mike to lose?

He stood up and cupped his two big red hands to his mouth and shouted: "Hey, Miss! Do you know any Irish songs? Do you know *A Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow?*"

A big hoot went up from the guys. They thought he was kidding. A few even thought he was making fun. A lot of heads turned toward Mike and maybe that was why the girl looked right at him through the crowd and asked: "What did you say, soldier?"

Mike repeated it: "Do you know *A Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow?*"

The GI's yelped again. But the girl's voice over the mike silenced them. "He's not kidding, boys," she said. "He's on the square. There really is a song about a pretty girl milking her cow. And the funny thing is, I know it."

Everybody gave a cheer. Probably they didn't know exactly why, but it was kind of nice to have her know the song the soldier wanted, and nobody was making fun of him any more.

She asked the man at the piano a question and he shook his head, so the girl in the suit and white blouse sat down and began to play herself. And such a bright clean little tune came tripping out of the keys. And she began to sing;

*It was on a fine summer's
morning,
The birds sweetly tun'd on
each bough,
And as I walked out for my
pleasure
I saw a maid milking her
cow. . . .*

Mike could not understand why the need for that song had come to him. Surely it had been long since he had heard it sung. Not since his own mother had sung it so long, long ago.

His mother had a way to her singing. It was a way that was independent of the words or melody. It talked about the things she wanted, the dreams she created for Mike and the rest of them. She could sing of the pretty girl or of the minstrel boy and she could sing plaintively of the emigrant's goodbye as he sailed to a country far across the ocean to seek opportunity. Where many a lad like Mike had gone, during the bad times of persecution, and had become great and prosperous. And where, though she dreaded the thought, Mike himself might have to go. Wherever he went, his mother would pray that he might meet a girl as sweet and as pretty and as priceless a jewel as the pretty girl milking her cow.

A man could not forget songs which had been woven around his dreams as he toiled in a potato patch or sat with knees hunched up beside a bright fire. A man could not forget what had been expected of him the while his mother sang a simple little ditty like a song of a girl who was so pretty on a summer morning.

Mike thought of the places he had been sent to, from that land of opportunity. Of the things he had been required to do. Of what was

yet to be done. Surely, it was not exactly what his mother had planned for him in the dreams. But in a peculiar confusing sort of way, it was in the dreams. It was hard to figure out. It was hard for a man like Mike McNally, whose hands were big and red and eager for work, but whose strength had no power for harming his fellow men. It was better for a man like Mike not to try to figure it all out. It was better to accept what his mother had given him in the dreams. To accept all of it, the sad part and the happy part. Faith, Hope, Charity. Jesus, Mary, Joseph. Bethlehem and Calvary Hill. It was better for a man just to go on believing in all the things he had been taught were good.

Mike McNally's big hands made a hard, loud noise as they did their share in the applause. If Mike had been required to do anything more than that at the moment, he could not have managed it. Unless it was just one of those little, baby-sized prayers his mother taught him, the kind even a man would never get too big to use. The kind a man could say inside, any time, any place. A prayer like, "Jesus, mercy," or simply, "Mother of God."

THE MAN WHO was sort of MC-ing the program, came to the mike. "Well, fellows," he said, "I guess that's it! We've given our singer quite a work-out and we've got another show yet tonight down the road a bit."

Requiescent in Peace

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Most Rev. Edward Joseph Hanna, D.D., Rev. Herman Joseph Valkenburg, Rev. William O. Demers.

Manuel Luis Quezon, President of the Philippines.

Clement Proulx, John Leslie Scanlon, Joseph Flory, Edward Buboltz,
who have given their lives in the service of their country.

John O'Brien, John McCafferty, Albert J. Zeller, M. J. Donoghue, W. J. Crotty, Frank R. Adams, A. G. Schlich, Bernard Jasper, Mr. Barrett, William L. Ryan, William Oliver Wells, Mr. Oberly, Simon Nerz, Richard Joseph McLane, Joseph A. Weber, Fred Mescher, John Santos, Dr. Thomas Daniels, Dr. Henry J. Dionysius, Frank Peters, Dr. Ralph E. Stone, John Meisinger, Joseph C. Aberwald, Grant England, Mr. Colwell, Michael J. Joyce, August Busck, James

The crowd let out a big moan but the boys quit calling for "More." They knew what it was to wait down a road for a show to come. They knew what it meant to see a girl from home. They knew how hungry a fellow could get to hear songs from home, songs that were real and full of human breath, and not canned like field rations in a box.

The girl herself had the mike now. "We have time for another one, boys," she said. "I'd like you all to sing it with me. Is it a deal?"

"You bet!" the GI's yelled.

"OK," the girl said. "And we're going to sing a song that everyone is singing back in the States. All the radios are giving it and the juke boxes have it, too. I thought maybe you'd like to learn it out here, just for fun!"

"You bet!" the GI's yelled again. And there on the bleak side of a hill they learned and sang a song for fun. The trees were still gaunt stumps from the barrage; there was wreckage all around, and the memories were huge hulks in their minds, but they sang the song just for fun as the girl suggested. This is the way it went:

*Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats
and liddle lamzy divey
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't
you?*

Crazy American song. The words don't make sense but the song does. It makes good sense. It makes lasting, lovely, honest sense. It's just another way of singing *Home Sweet Home* and a GI can sing it and

grin. He couldn't sing *Home Sweet Home* and grin. He can sing this and know there are such things as decency and justice and right, and that they have his number on them somewhere.

Somewhere. You hear, Peter Fisher? Maybe on earth, maybe somewhere else. But there are such things. Night and day, you are the one. You Mom. You Sis. You Yvonne or Nell or Marie. You Louisa and your three kids who are not underprivileged. You Tony Ferrino, American citizen, American soldier, American gentleman.

And Mike McNally, keep on believing, keep on walking on fine summer mornings. And don't be asking questions, Mike, unless perhaps you want to ask of someone who has the right to tell you; "Who's that pretty girl milking her cow?"

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home. A place to live for, a place to die for, sweet, sweet home. A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?

"Goodbye now, boys!" the girl said. "Goodbye, boys, good luck."

And then she smiled, just like Louisa or Marie or Yvonne, and said into the mike: "God bless you and keep you."

And down the road that night a girl was singing. And up the road she was singing, too. Singing all night long and into the days and weeks ahead. Singing in their hearts.

Thomas Sweeney, George Sciranka, John P. King, Vernon Bailey, John Molan, Peter J. Farrelly, T. J. Walsh, George Hopkins, Herman M. Hansen, Frank P. Cullen, Patrick McGuire, John King, Katherine Newhart, Mary Henshaw, Anna Ryan, Rose Casey, Julia Harrison, Regina Annen, Delia Devine, Anna Gallagher, Theresa D. Maxwell, Elizabeth Jaegers, Marie C. Schwenk, Apolonia Zajchowska, Elizabeth McCarthy, Frieda A. Reese, Mary H. Abts, Irene T. Fitzgerald, Elizabeth McNairy, Anne Rosella Olszewski, Ellen McKittrick, Anna Hartz, Elizabeth Poser, Catherine A. Mullin, Catherine Madden, Mrs. Jessie M. Rolf, Mrs. George H. Broeker, Mrs. G. Barrett, Mrs. M. Clement, Mrs. Frank Weis, Mrs. S. F. Snyder, Mrs. Joseph Schinner, Mrs. M. E. O'Hern, William Dwyer, A. L. Artz, Edward J. Colleran, Joseph Waite, Henry Holterhaus, Dr. J. H. Clancey, Adam B. Roth, John Callahan, Frank A. Conway, Frank H. Schreiber, George Herbst, Matthew E. Clark, James Perago, George Tubman, James E. Campbell, Frank C. Krumboltz, Stephen N. Koen, Emily Cullen, Anna Langenderfer, Kath-

erine McMahon, Margaret Day, Edith McCall, Frances Corcoran Leiveke, Dorothy M. Henley, Mrs. Hugh Murphy, Mrs. F. P. Kruger, Mrs. W. Iago, Mrs. F. W. Kolars, Mrs. D. Conway, Mrs. George Huefner, Jackie Fadden, James C. Kennedy, Anthony L. Fleissner, John E. Connor, D. J. Galvin, Lucien Adams, Daniel M. Connell, Thomas F. Gough, Sr., Patrick F. McDonnell, Peter Donahue, M. E. Freeburg, John A. Hillenbrand, Jerry Madden, C. M. Keller, E. J. Davan, Joseph Henz, Jacob Baum, Joseph L. Kortendick, John Wagner, Edward Ackerman, Joseph Ackerman, Ormin E. Breen, Fred W. Kriesel, Andrew Graners, John Ottenstroer, J. F. A. Trompeter, Victor Otis, William Hunt, Mr. Murphy, John McCullough, George F. Brennan,

and all the deceased members and benefactors of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society.

May their souls, and the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace. AMEN.

A VOICE *from* CHINA

***"This Is the Hour of God
and the Hour Will Pass!"***

**By the REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR
Missionary of St. Columban**

“THE HOUR OF GOD has struck for China. I have worked for three years in Peiping, for a year here in Nanking and I am convinced that this is the hour of God.”

The tall, youthful Chinese was speaking with grave earnestness. I listened intently, while the stars came out in the clear sky and the neon lights glowed above the streets of China's capital.

TRANSITION IN NANKING

After seeing Nanking, it was easy to realize that a historic hour of transition and opportunity had come. The magnificent government buildings, in the style of China's old palaces but bright and new and busy; the imposing Sun-Yat-sen memorial in the Purple Hills nearby; the fine railroad station; the buses rolling over wide streets; the elaborate movie theatres; frequent signs of American influence beside manifestations of a revitalized Chinese culture—each of these was significant of the new China emerging from a quarter-century of revolution. But far more impressively significant was the young Chinese leader who was my host.

He was Paul Yu-pin, a bishop of the Catholic Church. Then in his middle thirties, he towered, physically and spiritually, as a representative of young Catholic China. And he was saying this in the capital city of Nanking, where he was bishop:

“The hour of God has struck. If we have enough workers, we shall have China with us.”

His own story illustrates what the Catholic Church can do for China and what the Chinese can do for the Catholic Church.

A CHINESE BIOGRAPHY

Born in Manchuria in 1901, he was twelve years old when he was baptized, taking the apostolic name of Paul. His family came from Shantung, the northern province that was the homeland of Confucius. He was educated first in Kirin, Manchuria, then in the Jesuit Aurora University in Shanghai and after that in Rome. He had offered himself for the priesthood, and the

HIS
EXCELLENCY
MOST REV.
PAUL
YU-PIN, D. D.
Vicar
Apostolic
of
Nanking



Bishop Paul Yu-pin carries the monstrance in a Corpus Christi procession in Shanghai, May, 1937

As a young professor in Rome, Father Yu-pin — acolyte to the late Cardinal Van Rossum, when the cornerstone was laid for the new missionary College of Propaganda.





In 1935, Father Yu-pin organized China's first Catholic Action Congress in Shanghai. Here, third from left, he is seen, after the opening session, with the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Zanin, centre, Bishop Haouisseé, right, and the Mayor of Shanghai, in front.

Vicar Apostolic of Kirin had him enrolled in the historic Roman College of Propaganda. Ordained in 1928, he remained in Rome, as professor of Chinese Language and Literature, for another five years. In 1929 he was chosen as a member of a Papal diplomatic mission to Ethiopia. Sharing in the cultures of both East and West—he speaks six languages—he has a doctorate in philosophy, another in theology and a third in political sciences, and he has received honorary degrees from several American universities.

In 1933 Father Yu-pin saw the curving roofs of old Peiping again, as he returned from Rome to become national director of Catholic Action and inspector of Catholic schools in China. The first national Congress of Chinese Catholic Action, held in Shanghai in 1935, was only one example of his organizing ability and farsighted zeal. When the Holy See chose him to be Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, there was nation-wide rejoicing over the selection of this zealous, brilliant, unassuming Chinese priest to be bishop in the new capital. Three

His Excellency Bishop Yu-pin addresses a Chinese group in Manila, P. I., during the International Eucharistic Congress, February, 1937.



thousand people crowded the historic cathedral in Peiping for his consecration.

Around the walls of his reception room in Nanking I saw scrolls bearing Chinese characters gracefully written by the brushes of experts. These scrolls, expressions of congratulations and good wishes for the young Chinese bishop, had been sent by China's leaders, from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek down.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

Now, in the warm twilight of a summer evening, Bishop Paul Yu-pin was telling me some of his hopes, projects and prayers for the Church and China.

"The Chinese," he said, "have chosen their program. For the great majority it is the Three Principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the *San Min Chu I*. That means neither communism nor fascism, neither left nor right, but the middle of the road. This is typical of the Chinese, who have always been a people noted for common sense and moderation."

"In the spiritual order, Catholicism is a middle way, too. Christian virtue is a golden mean between two extremes. China is predisposed to adopt such a spiritual program."

"The Three Principles of Dr. Sun are concerned, of course, with temporal affairs, with this world only. Following them alone, we can easily fall into mere mediocrity, if we do not have Catholicism to lead us to the true golden mean."

"The Three Principles of national independence, people's rights and people's livelihood do not pretend to be a philosophy. The Chinese are searching for a philosophy of life and they are applying the test of their traditional common sense. They can find a satisfactory answer nowhere but in the Catholic religion."

This zealous, scholarly, tactful Chinese bishop was helping many a soul to find the answer. He had his inquiring visitors, that night, well-educated young men who enjoyed his company and liked to hear from him the Catholic solution for their problems. Next morning, a weekday, I was impressed—I still remember it—by the number and fervor of the communicants at Mass in his church.

"IT IS THE HOUR of God." Neither of us dreamt, that pleasant evening, that the hands of the clock would soon be pointing to war. Five weeks later, the Sino-Japanese war broke out and it is still raging. It has brought tragedy to Nanking and to all China. It has sent the Vicar Apostolic of Nanking to Hankow, to Chungking, to Rome, to Ireland and to the United States, on missions of mercy, organizing relief work for the needs of today and social reconstruction for the postwar era.

In a sense that we did not grasp then, this time of sorrow has been still the hour of God. The ordinary work of the Church has been badly disrupted by the war, but the extraordinary services rendered to the suffering people by Catholic missionaries, native and foreign, who stayed at their posts despite obvious peril, has done more to spread Catholicism in China than years of routine work. And when the bells ring out for peace, it will still be the hour of God—a precious,

grace-laden, fleeting hour—for China . . . and for the United States.

AMERICA'S VOCATION

It was in Washington, D. C., that Bishop Yu-pin told me of his hopes and prayers for the Catholics of the United States. I found that the perils, trials and journeys of the eventful years since I interviewed him in China's capital have not blunted his zeal or shortened his vision.

"God gives vocations to nations," he said thoughtfully. "Today He gives a great vocation to the Catholics of the United States. It is very evident. Not always is the vocation of a people so clear."

"It is easy to foresee a brilliant future for Catholic Americans. They have such a glorious opportunity."

What is this vocation, this opportunity, so evident to the far-sighted young prelate from China? He explained.

"Today the overwhelming majority of the world's non-Christians are looking to the United States for leadership in many things. China's 500 millions and India's nearly 400 millions have their eyes on America. Nehru, one of the leaders of the Congress Party in India, has sent his two nieces to America, to study in Wellesley. China's leaders, even more than those of India, are eager to learn from America.

"Why should not the Catholic Church take advantage of this trend in the Far East? The Catholics of America are now in an unequalled position to give religious leadership to non-Christian peoples."

I recalled his words in Nanking: "If we have enough workers, we shall have China with us."

A keen observer who has traveled all over the United States, Bishop Yu-pin spoke admiringly of the Church in America.

"The Catholic Church has reached maturity in the United States. We Chinese Catholics rejoice in seeing the graces and blessings that signify this maturity of development.

"But with maturity comes responsibility. The missionary opportunity of Catholic Americans is a tremendous responsibility.

"Every day I make a special memento in my Mass for the Catholics of the United States—that they may recognize and use their God-given missionary opportunity. This vocation is so high, so much depends on it. . . ."

The Bishop's eyes, which had read the fate of na-



The Bishop of Omaha, Most Rev. James H. Ryan, S.T.D., greets Bishop Yu-pin.

tions in the pages of history and have witnessed the agonies of nations in our own day, were grave as he told why he prayed so earnestly.

"Often in history, nations have failed in their vocations. The Israelites started out faithfully and with generous ardor, but we know how they faltered in the desert and how they failed later.

"If a people does not respond to its vocation, its hour will pass and someone else will take its place. Communists or Protestants will take the opportunity, if Catholic Americans pass it by.

"Thirty years ago American Protestants saw their opportunity and went into higher education in China. Today all the front-rank lay leaders of China are Protestant or Protestant-trained."

MISSION IN AMERICA

Unable to return to occupied Nanking, Bishop Yu-pin has recently been appointed administrator of the important Vicariate of Kiating in western China. He is leaving soon for his homeland, after a stay in the United States that has been fruitful in many ways. Seeing and hearing him, American Catholics have understood better the dignity, the spiritual and intellectual richness and the vast possibilities of the still small and struggling body of Chinese Catholics. The Bishop and a little group of his priests have studied every form of progressive activity here: the Catholic press, Catholic rural life organization, Catholic cooperatives, Catholic education, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and the like. The Chinese in America, hitherto in many places a closed group, isolated from Catholic influence, have now become acquainted with the Catholic Church in the person of a Bishop of their own race, a prelate honored by ecclesiastical and civil leaders. From now on, it is the hour of God in many a Chinatown of America.

There as elsewhere, God's hour passes.

The hour of God, transient and irrecoverable, freighted with eternal possibilities, cries out to us in the voice of Bishop Paul Yu-pin of China.



**UNDER
ST. COLUMBAN'S
PROTECTION**
*Bishop Yu-pin and
Dr. Stephen Pan ■
St. Columbans,
Nebr.*

THE CAREYS



Authorized Reprint from the
Australian Catholic Best-Seller
"Around the Boree Log"

By JOHN O'BRIEN
Illustrated by BOB O'REILLY

Copyright, 1942,
by St. Columban's
Foreign Mission Society

THEIR NEW HOUSE stood just off the road,
A fine big brick two-story,
All gabled, tiled and porticoed,
To flaunt its owners' glory.
We never had, to tell the truth,
At Carey's door alighted,
We had good reason too, forsooth—
We hadn't been invited.
But down to Mass we passed the gate,
And passed it, too, returning,
And hid away in mien sedate
The grievance in us burning.
But in the Old Mass Shandrydan—
Well, envy little varies—
We heard "herself" and her good man
Discourse about the Careys:

"Wisha, that big house of Carey's, with its power of fal-de-dairies."
"Faith, he's in the bank to build it, so I hear the people say."
"It will break him now to clear it; and it's grieved I am to hear it;
Wish, I wouldn't be in Carey's boots today!"



They came here in the early days,
And settled down as neighbors;
With tilted carts and bullock-drays
They shared our griefs and labors.
We tramped it to the old bush school,
In fine or rainy weather;
And there upon the dunce's stool
We took our knocks together.
But now they stood for "class" among
Our little congregation;
And, as they passed us by, they flung
Mere scraps of toleration.
And sometimes down to Mass they'd bring
Fine strangers holidaying,
Who laughed and gushed at everything
Within their orbit straying.

By soft white hands and modish gowns
They sought the world to measure,
And seemed to think our reach-me-downs
Were staged to give them pleasure.
And, faith, it set the tongues a-wag
And entertained the flippants
To see the fifteen-guinea bag
That held the little "thrippence,"
While in the church they plied the fan
And practised like vagaries;
So in the Old Mass Shandrydan
We gave it to the Careys:

"Wisha, did you see the Careys? They're the high-falutin' fairies."
"Tell me, who were them play-actors there that had so much to say?"
"Och, the antics and the wrigglin', and the goin's-on and gigglin'—
Wisha, did you see the Careys there to-day!"



They sometimes drove a spanking pair,
Which brought them speed and honor;
They sometimes drove a pacing-mare
With straps and pads upon her;
They covered us with clouds of dust,
As thick as we could wear it;
And we could plod, as needs we must,
And keep the faith and bear it.
When skies were blue and days were bright,
And leaf and bud were sprouting,
They came to Mass in splendor dight,
To make a Sunday's outing;
But when the morn was blank with storm
And winter blasts complaining,
The Careys kept devotion warm
Beside their fire remaining.
So, while the chilling torrents ran
And soaked our best figaries,
Within the Old Mass Shandrydan
We pummelled at the Careys:

"Wisha, where were all the Careys? Sure the rain might melt the fairies!"

"Faith, and if it was the races then, they wouldn't stop away."

"That'd be another story; there they'd be in all their glory—

Wisha, what could keep them all from Mass to-day!"



And when we held the big bazaar—
A fine and lively meeting—
And people came from near and far,
In buoyant zeal competing,
'Twas rush and gush and fulsomeness
And Careys superintending;
They raced about in evening dress,
And deftly dodged the spending.
We might have been in Amsterdam,
Or somewhere out in Flanders;
We sold some tickets for "the ham,"
And stalked about like ganders.
So when we gathered up the clan,
And sought our distant eyries,
Within the Old Mass Shandrydan
We blazed it at the Careys:

"Wisha, did you see the Careys, like some wild things from the prairies?"

"Faith, I never met 'the bate' of that for many 'n' many a day."

"Sure it's pounds we would have taken with them tickets for the bacon,

If them thuckeens* of the Careys were not always in the way."



And when the little choir we had
In tender hope was springing,
And nervous lass and awkward lad
Were mobilized for singing,
We all went down our own to hear,
As holy triumph crowned them,
But Careys sailed in shrill and clear,
And silenced all around them;
Our Nellie's range they quite outran,
And even Laughing Mary's;
So in the Old Mass Shandrydan
We pitched into the Careys:

"Wisha, did you hear the Careys? Don't they think they're fine canaries?"

"Yerra, wouldn't you think they'd hold the tongues, and let the people pray!"

"Faith, my head is all a-reelin' from them Careys and their squealin'—

Wisha, did you hear them shoutin' there to-day!"

THE ANGELS, IN THEIR PEACEFUL SKIES

Through starry padlocks straying,
Must sometimes smile with kindly eyes

To see the tricks we're playing.

Now rosy-cheeked and smart and fair

Was Carey's youngest daughter;

And lo, our Morgan did his hair

With mutton-fat and water;

But days and days the lovers spent

On thorns (and roses) treading,

Till down to Carey's house we went,

Invited to the wedding.

For life's a fine comedian,

Whose program shifts and varies,

And in the Old Mass Shandrydan

We smoodged a bit to Careys:

"Wisha, now we'll see the Careys in their weddin' fal-de-daries!"

"Faith, I mind the time the Careys slep' beneath their bullock-dray."

"Sure, I wouldn't hurt their feelin's, though I never liked their dealin's;

An', if just to please poor Morgan, I'll be nice to them to-day."

*Celtic for "flapper."



TEN THOUSAND difficulties do not make one doubt.

—Cardinal Newman

OUIJA BOARD

Is it a sin to use a ouija board?

WHEN DONE to seek information about the future or other things impossible to know by natural means, the use of the ouija board or planchette is certainly sinful. It is contrary to the First Commandment. As the ouija board is usually worked with another person and sometimes with several others, the sin of scandal or cooperation will also enter. (Scandal is giving an occasion of sin to another; cooperation is helping another in committing sin. Both are violations of charity towards our neighbor.)

When people use the ouija board merely to see if subconsciously they will reveal harmless information that they have already acquired, there is no sin. This is just working a natural trick or stratagem on oneself. But even under these conditions, the use of the ouija board seems silly and unlikely to do any good for anybody. To use the apparatus with the least intention of finding out the unknowable by superstitious or spiritistic means is evil and leads to more evil. The ouija-board addict is exposing himself to perilous delusions and to the still more perilous deceptions of the devil.

MAY THE CLERK SELL?

Is it a sin for a clerk in the store to sell ouija boards?

SINCE IT IS possible to use a ouija board merely as a natural instrument to make known harmless information naturally obtained and subconsciously retained, the clerk is permitted to sell it and is not obliged to cross-examine the customers about their intentions. Even if the buyer makes it clear that he wants the article for superstitious purposes, the clerk may sell it to avoid incurring some serious hardship. He should not express any approval and he should look out for a position in which he will

*The Answer Box

not be placed frequently in these circumstances. His employer, the owner of the store, has a greater responsibility, because he acts quite freely. Mere profit on a sale does not entitle him to sell anything that the buyer will use for a declared evil purpose.

NON-CATHOLIC AND THE ASSUMPTION

I have been unable to find any reference to the death of the Virgin Mary in my Bible. I was very interested in learning of the Catholic doctrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and was wondering which of the books of the Bible makes mention of the fact.

NO BOOK of the Bible makes mention of this fact, just as none makes mention of (for instance) the death of St. Joseph. Obviously this does not mean that the event did not happen.

The Bible is not and could not

Prize Post-War Plan



God's plan is the only one to follow. And God's prize is for ever.

The missions are an essential part of His plan. And priests are essential in the missions.

You give the greatest gift for the greatest need when you help to give a priest to the missions. You do just this, when you give \$30 to maintain a seminarian for a month, \$250.00 for a year.

Address:

St. Columban's Seminary Fund
c/o Rev. Paul Waldron
St. Columbans, Nebr.

be the sole, exclusive source of knowledge about everything we are to believe and do. Our Lord commissioned His apostles to teach, not just to write and circulate books. Many Christians lived and died before the writing of the Bible was completed in the latter part of the first century. Many Christians have been unable to read or, if they could read, could not possess copies of the Bible before the invention of printing. If there were no true source of Christian knowledge outside the Bible, how could we ever know just what books make up the Bible? The Bible itself contains nothing that certifies its own contents. But it does tell us that there is another authoritative source of religious knowledge apart from its own pages. That source is the divine tradition of the one, true Church, the tradition of teachings that Our Lord gave orally to the Apostles or that the Holy Ghost made clear to them, for transmission to the faithful. "Hold the teachings that you have learned, whether by word or by letter of ours" (2 Thess. II, 14). "Faith then depends on hearing" (Rom. X, 17).

From the authentic tradition of the Church, which Christ guaranteed to preserve from error, we learn about the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

She died, as truly as her divine Son died. But the Mother of God Incarnate was not to suffer bodily corruption. Related in a most sacred, marvelous intimacy with the perfect human nature that God made His own, her body, which from the first moment of her existence was the shrine of an immaculate soul, was preserved from the decay that is the penalty of sin. Fittingly, after her death, it was taken to Heaven to join her soul in sharing in the glory of her Son's Sacred Humanity. (Assumption means a taking up.)

This doctrine has not been formally defined yet. But it is so ancient and so widespread in the Church that it cannot be denied without guilt.

Manuel Luis Quezon

Filipino Patriot, Statesman, Catholic

"I WISH . . . to live and die in the Faith. This I ask of God and humbly trust that He will grant it to me in His infinite mercy."

On Monday, August 18, 1930, eve of his fifty-second birthday, Manuel Luis Quezon, then President of the Philippine Senate, wrote and signed a formal document containing these words.

A PRAYER ANSWERED

On Tuesday morning, August 1, 1944, at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Manuel Luis Quezon, first President of the Philippines, died the death he had prayed for—in the Faith, after months of resigned and prayerful suffering. By his side was a priest, the devoted young Filipino Jesuit, Father Ortiz, who had been with him on Corregidor and ever since. By his side was Mrs. Quezon, whose constant devotion to her religion, to her husband and family and to her people, gives her a place among the great Catholic First Ladies of history. By the President's side, too, was his friend and colleague, Major General Basilio J. Valdes, one of the distinguished Catholic laymen of the Philippines.

A little earlier President Quezon had had his usual morning reading from the New Testament. That day the passage, chosen by the President and read by Lt.-Col. Emigdio Cruz, was from the Sermon on the Mount—the verses on the Beatitudes.

The slender, dynamic leader, exiled and sick, but still glowing with all his old-time fire, lay back and listened to the simple, divine words.

Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall be satisfied . . .

Within an hour the soul of the listener was to be before the Throne of Him Who gave those imperishable pledges.

Three days later, after Requiem Mass in St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington, and a military funeral, the mortal remains of Manuel Quezon were given their temporary resting-place in a vault below the mast of the *Maine* in Arlington. After the war they will be brought to his native land.

The eventful career of this brave, brilliant, cultured Filipino will be part of the history of his country and of the Far East. Here we recall what superficial writers may overlook or—it has been done—attempt to becloud: the religious convictions strongly held and boldly manifested by Manuel L. Quezon, first President of the Philippines.

IN THE FAITH

To live as well as to die in the Faith was his prayer. That was why, for instance, he had Father Cosgrave the Redemptorist conduct an enclosed retreat for himself personally in the presidential residence. That was why his first act on the day he became President was to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. When the occasion called for it, he would leave his private chapel and with the distinguished statesman who has succeeded him, His Excellency Sergio Osmeña, he

would join his fellow-countrymen at the altar rail of some public church. In the fetid, dust-filled, blood-spattered tunnels of Corregidor—where his health finally broke down—he assisted at Father Ortiz' Mass every morning and was a daily communicant. On the morning of March 19, 1942, after a perilous dash on a PT boat over 120 miles of dark, stormy sea, he and his party landed at Oroquieta on Mindanao, where Father P. Vincent McFadden of St. Columban's was pastor. The travelers were weary and in danger; but March 19 is the Feast of St. Joseph and a holyday of obligation in the Philippines. The President and his party went straight to the church for Mass.

Eight months ago President Quezon felt that he was dying. He rallied, however, and told how he had prayed to live a little longer in order to do more penance.

His Christian principles were apparent in his social program. He longed to establish and safeguard social justice along lines recognizably parallel with the great encyclicals. He described his plans sometimes as "distributism," the word coined by Chesterton in England for his ideal of diffused property ownership.

WON BY ST. THÉRÈSE

In his spiritual life Manuel Quezon was profoundly influenced by the writings and teachings of St. Thérèse, the Little Flower, whose Autobiography he came across some time late in the '20s.

St. Columban's Society was represented at his funeral in Washington. The priests of St. Columban's, proffering their condolence to Mrs. Quezon and family and to all his colleagues, pray that his soul may be speedily loosed from the bonds of Purgatory and admitted into eternal blessedness.

P.O'C.

ST. COLUMBAN'S SEMINARIES

Bristol, R. I.: You feel that your rank has been stepped up in a big way when you put on your first Roman collar, cassock and biretta. A new class of future missionaries is feeling this thrill in Bristol these days. Our little old House by the Side of the Road has sent its last year's graduates up to the major seminary at St. Columbans, Nebr., and has just welcomed another group, ready for the spiritual year.

Laymen's retreats were highlights on summer schedules at Silver Creek, N. Y., and St. Columbans, Nebr.



Father McGrath is bee-keeper at St. Columban's, Bristol, R. I.

TWINS WIN



Joseph and Celestine Moes won heavenly gains, receiving First Holy Communion and donating their money present in baptismal offering for a child in the missions. They attend St. Agnes School, St. Paul, Minn.

Open Up the Mail!

You to Colum—Colum to You

Phyllis Bernard, Waterloo, Ia.

Well, the Whizzers won in the contest but the Boosters got a big thrill out of it, too, and we sure had plenty of fun.

Things go with a bang in that town.

Peter Segarra, Sparkhill, N. Y.

If you can, please send me a picture of yourself.

Wait till we get the doctor's report on the last man it was shown to.

Ann Schaefer, Riverside, N. J.

We do enjoy your pages so much. I know I am going to look for "Open Up the Mail."

And see what you find in it, Ann!

S. M. C., Ironton, O.

Perhaps Colum might some day give us a book—one written in the style of your letters would do much, especially if written for Junior High School age level.

Trouble is: Colum isn't up to that level.—PETE.

Janet Leahy, St. Paul, Minn.

We cleaned our cupboards and auctioned off some posters just for fun.

Good clean fun, I call it.

Sixth Grade, St. Ann's, Seattle

We enjoyed THE FAR EAST very much this year. It has very interesting accounts of mission life and of course we like the jokes. Where do you get them?

Wherever there's a signpost pointing to a trail of smiles.

Jacklin McGuire, San Anselmo, Calif.

I am captain of our missions. Our name is Merry Missioners. Barney's is the Missionary Millionaires. Our team has \$15.34 and Barney's has \$15.03.

The first million is the hardest, Jacklin and Barney—but meanwhile remember that \$15.00 isn't hay, in any mission field.

Eugene MacElroy, New York City

The 4th Grade boys have saved five dollars for you. I had an assistant called James Dillon. We will be praying for you and the other Fathers.

Captain MacElroy and Lieutenant Dillon are hereby mentioned in dispatches, for distinguished service to the missions.

Marcus Sidney Strong, Orient, Ia.

I'm sending \$1.00 in defense stamps that I earned from collecting scrap paper. I am 7 years old.

A real scrapper for the great Cause of the missions.

Vocation

Father John O'Donovan, of St. Columban's Seminary faculty, accepted an invitation to speak on vocations to the students of St. Mary High School, Omaha . . . and came back with a crisp one-hundred dollar bill for the missions. That's truly answering Our Lord's vocation to be His loving mission-helpers!

MAYBE

(Or, Am I a Man or a Mouse?)

A BABY CALLED MAYBE

Is roaming about.
He's poison to boys on
His list, so watch out.
Right quick you'll be sick,
Then he sells you his drug.
You pay till it's fatal—
Your grave you have dug . . .

Saying, maybe I will
And maybe I won't,
And what do I care
If I do or I don't?
And maybe it's wrong,
And maybe it's right.
Risk once too often?
Maybe I might.

This Maybe will say: "Be
A wobbler, my friend.
Be hazy and lazy,
Pretend to intend."
Ever late, never straight,
You'll watch others march
past.
But the gents on the fence
Take a hard fall at last . . .

Saying, maybe I'll go
And maybe I'll stay,
And maybe I'll quit
And maybe I'll pray.
Maybe tomorrow,
Or maybe next week.
Is "maybe" a word, or
Is maybe a squeak?

NANKY POO

TWINS, TOO



There's something that wins in twins. Virginia and Paul Arend, also from St. Agnes School, St. Paul, Minn., also added to their thanksgiving for their First Holy Communion the grand sacrifice of a baptismal offering.

Our Lady of Good Counsel Pupils, Baltimore

We hope this little mite will make Jackie smile as it makes us smile to send it.

Jackie is getting some wonderful mileage out of it, thank you!

TOPS

They certainly are tops, these Columbites who by sacrifice and teamwork have given bonds for our mission needs. There's a paper shortage; so I can't pay my grateful respects to all in print. How I'd love to say what I think about, for instance, the grand New Hope pupils . . . the wonder-workers of St. Joseph's, Hopkins, Minn. . . . the never-failing marvels of St. Peter's, Omaha . . . the fine apostles of Notre Dame, Mitchell, So. Dak. . . . those big-hearted missionaries of St. Casimir's Academy . . . those self-sacrificing girls in St. Joseph's, Baton Rouge . . . and—and—and . . . It's a comfort to know that there is space for every name in the books of Heaven and everlasting reward for every sacrifice of every one who helped everywhere!

SEPTEMBER CONTEST

Now all you have to do is to match the words correctly, saying what word in the right-hand column ties in best with what word printed in the left-hand column. For instance, Vatican goes with Pope. Now you match the others: Pope . . . Xavier Philippines . . . Vatican Malaria . . . Children Myitkyina . . . Fr. McMahon Nancheng . . . Bp. Galvin Sancian . . . Bp. Cleary Propaganda . . . War Suffering . . . Mission Organization Hanyang . . . Mindanao Colum . . . Mosquitoes Add a ten-word slogan for helpers of St. Columban's Seminary Fund.

Address your entry, saying whether you are in Class I (12 years or less), Class II (over 12, up to 15), Class III (over 15), to Colum's Contest, St. Columbans, Nebr.

Contest entries should arrive not later than Sept. 30.

Red Flanagan's Home Run

Story
by
Colum



IT WAS the big game in the Little World Series.

The Little World Series is the high spot in baseball for ten blocks around and back as far as Rufsky's Filling Station. And it's pretty near busting point for everyone between the ages of nine and fourteen in that territory.

Win the Little World Series and you're the cream of the teams. Pretty rich cream, too. Every player gets fifty cents. Hit a home run and the hand that socks the pebble receives one silver dollar. It comes from the prize fund that Red Flanagan collected.

Red Flanagan was that kind of fellow. Full of good ideas and ready to work them out. With two other boys, he collected the money from mothers and dads and the priests at St. Gabriel's.

And now it was the big moment of the big game. The Commandos were playing the Sparkplugs in the deciding clash—and the Commandos were leading. They had two men on bases. One run would win the game and the series!

It was Red Flanagan's turn to bat.

Come on, Red. It's a perfect set-up, Red. It's on ice, Red. Hit a homer, Red.

It did seem perfect. The pitcher

was weakening. He was tossing stuff that a one-armed man, blindfolded, couldn't miss with a fly-swatter.

Let's go, Red. It's all yours, Red. Hit a homer and win a dollar, Red.

This would be no trouble to Red Flanagan. He'd slap that ball into the hit parade. He'd give the victory sock that would send the pill into Murphy's yard and the Commandos into the championship.

BUT RED isn't stirring. He's acting sort of awkward, over on the bench, and he's looking hard at the ground. Whassamatter, haywhassamatterwithaguy?

He's pointing to Billy White. It's not Billy's turn; it's Red's. What's the sense of asking a pinch-hitter to go in there, when it's your big chance to . . .

But Red's still shaking his head. And Billy White slowly rises, takes the bat and walks over to the plate . . . The Sparkplugs' pitcher looks around at the bases and shoots.

Billy lets the first ball go by, though it's an easy one. He's like a fellow in a dream. Then the

next ball comes—right across the plate, like jam across a piece of bread.

Billy swings. And the ball zooms away, away. A fielder runs uselessly, like a man missing a train. And the boys are trotting home from third base, from second . . . and here's Billy himself finishing the round trip as safe as a bond in Colum's mission box.

It's all over. The Commandos have won. Billy White hit a homer and that clinched the game and the series. Good old Billy. Attaboy, Billy. Nice work there, Billy.

But why didn't Red hit that homer? He could have, so easily!

Father Moran, who held the prize fund, was the only one who found out.

"Aw, gee, Father," said Red, blushing back to the freckles on his neck, "Billy's brother is a missionary in China and I knew Billy wanted the dollar to send him. That's why. But don't tell the guys, Father."

"All right, Red," said Father Moran. "Only—why couldn't you hit the run and win the dollar and then give it to Billy for his brother?"

"Gosh, Father, I was sort of —sort of afraid. Afraid I might spend it. I didn't trust myself, see? It was safer to let Billy get it. But you won't tell the guys, Father, will you?"

"No," said Father slowly. "They won't know. Our Lord knows, though. And He won't forget . . . your home run!"

TEACHERS!

Get This Delightful Service

Every month a simple dramatization of a Pudsy Kelly poem by Nanky Poo, ideal for primary grades and junior high, will be mailed to you in mimeograph form. The dramatizations have been prepared by experts in catechetics, the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, Towson, Md. The service is free, on request, to schools. Just sign and mail this coupon.

DEAR COLUM: Please put us on your list for . . . copies of the simple dramatizations, "Mission Moments," every month.

Name

School

Address

City State

Mail to Colum, St. Columbans, Nebraska



A TRAIL OF SMILES

HOPEFUL

Author: "There are some spectacles we can never forget."

Interested: "Where can I get a pair? I'm always losing mine."

FACT OR FICTION

"Which of your works of fiction means most to you?"

"My last income-tax return."

WORN OUT

Editor: "The style of writing that you do must be very hard work."

Cub Reporter: "Well, it is, but what made you think of it?"

Editor: "It makes me tired to read it."

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Then there's the one about the author whose latest work was historically incorrect, but hysterically the best he had ever done.

HE TRIED

"Why is this style called free verse?" asked the student.

"If you ever tried to sell any, you'd know why," answered the poet-teacher.

OUT OF LINE

Officer: "This man is charged with taking bananas off a fruit-stand."

Judge: "Ah, impersonating an officer. Two years."

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE

"Say, call me a cab, willya?"
"My good man, I am a naval officer, not a doorman."

"Well, call me a boat, then. Gotta get home."

COMMON CENTS

Hobo: "I'm hungry, lady."
Housewife: "Here's a cent. But how did you fall so low?"
Hobo: "I had your fault, mum. I was too extravagant."

BEWARE

Sign outside farmhouse to keep away tramps: "We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't."

SLIGHT MISTAKE

Farmer: "Where's that mule I told you to have shod?"

New hand: "Did you say shod? I thought you said shot."

CAUGHT HIS QUOTA

"May I have a license?"
"A hunting license?" asked the clerk.
"No, the hunting is over. I want a license to marry the girl."

PREPARED

"Jimmy, aunty will never kiss you with a dirty face."
"That's what I thought."

PRECISELY

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a bridegroom?"
Johnny: "It's something they have at weddings."

NOT LATELY

"Does your son burn the midnight oil?"
"Yes, and a lot of gasoline, too."

"C"-SICK

Father: "How are your marks, son?"
Son: "They're under water."
Father: "What does that mean?"
Son: "Below 'C' level."

TROUBLE SHOOTER

"Hard work never killed anyone."
"That's the trouble, Dad. I want to do something that has the spice of danger in it."

SIMPLE

Salesman: "This book will do half your work."
Smart Alec: "Good, give me two of them."

EXACTLY

Carpenter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"
Young helper: "I did. It was at five minutes to nine."

DIFFERENT SLANT

Hotel manager: "Will you take some views of our hotel with you?"

"No, thanks; I have my own views of your hotel."

FAIR WEATHER HAVEN

Guest: "Does the water always come through the roof like that?"

Bellboy: "No, sir. Only when it rains."

WIDE OPEN

Tired customer: "Do you serve fish here?"

Waiter: "Sure, we cater to everyone."

LONG WALK

"What do you miss most, since you moved out in the country?"
"The last train home at night."

CAREFUL

Bandit (to bank teller): "Hurry up, I've got my car parked in a ten-minute zone and I don't want to get a ticket."

ONLY FAIR

Two little boys were selling lemonade. A gentleman patronized both of them, then asked, "Why do you charge five cents for a glass and your friend here ten cents for the same amount? They both taste the same to me."

"They are the same, sir, but the puppy fell into my pail, so I charge only five cents for mine."

HARDLY

Patron: "May I have some stationery?"

Clerk: "Are you a guest here?"

Patron: "Certainly not; I'm paying twenty dollars a day."

POINTLESS PETE

"Jim recommended that new restaurant to me if I wanted some good roast beef."

"How was it?"

"It was a bum steer."

UNSEEN MISERY

Joe: "Why do you insist on pulling that wheelbarrow instead of pushing it?"

Moe: "I can't stand the sight of the bloomin' thing."

GEZUNDHEIT!

"I think I'm going to sneeze."
"At who?"
"Atchoo!"

GRIDDLE-RIDDLE

Young thing: "It's all very silly, Doctor. My family wanted me to come and see you just because I like pancakes."

Psychiatrist: "Well, that's perfectly natural. I'm fond of pancakes myself. In fact, I have a grill upstairs, and when I get hungry, I go up and make some."

Young thing: "You like them? You must come over to my house—I have three trunks full of them in the attic."

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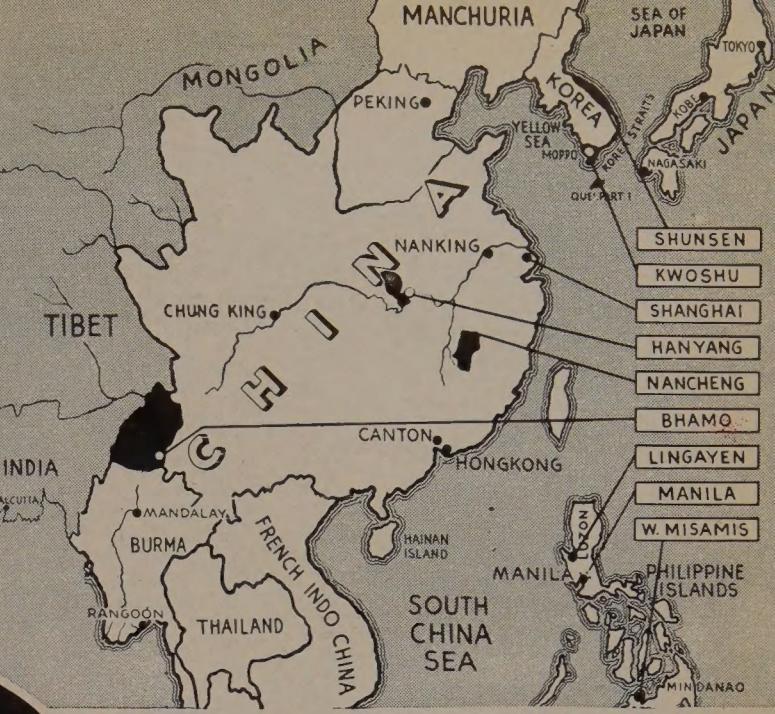
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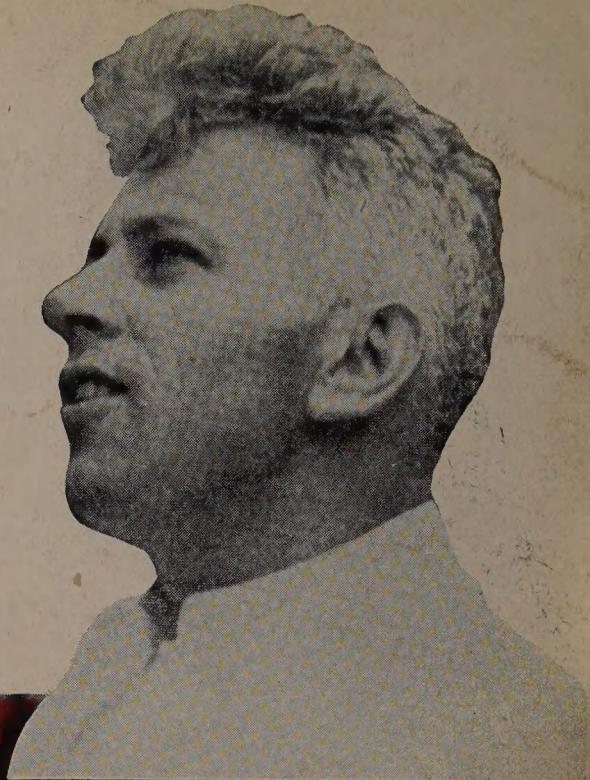
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